

Non Licet

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by [venus43](#)

Summary

"You're new," he says, accented drawl making Dream shiver, "I'm George."

A dainty hand is pushed forwards, the grime underneath Dream's fingertips causing self-consciousness to bubble up in his stomach when he takes it in his own and shakes gently.

"Dream," he says, noting the raise of eyebrows he gets in return.

"An alias," George smiles, "I like it. In that case I'm 404."

or, dream's first time in a speakeasy leaves him enamoured with a boy in a dress

Notes

new fic !! worked on this for a while and i like how it turned out so i hope you guys enjoy !! george in this was so fun to write just bc gnf in a dress tbh,, like so many thoughts, as always if the cc involved ever state they have an issue with these types of works then ill take this down, otherwise hope you enjoy !!

Walking into a place like this was never going to be a good idea.

The crisp black of Dream's suit makes movement awkward. Tension sits at the bottom of his spine, causes his hands to tremble as they slide deep into the pockets of his slacks, and the straps that press tight against the white of his shirt dig unforgivingly into his chest and coil around the ends of his bones.

Bars like these aren't meant for guys like Dream. It's the way prying eyes linger on his back, or how the bartender stops to study him for a while before going back to their job, that tells all. And the only thing that keeps Dream stable is the promise of another drink – that and the subtle buzz of words that remind him he's not the only lowlife here.

Glasses hit the table, alcohol sloshing out of the side as questioning glances are thrown in Dream's direction, with men raising their eyebrows or letting the curl of a smile tug on the edges of thin lips when they make eye contact. And with hesitation crawling through his veins, Dream makes a beeline for the front, trying not to come across too eager as he strolls towards wooden seats and worn-out suits.

The bartender sees him coming, pokes a smile towards the man he's serving with an unsubtle nod in Dream's direction, and it may be because of the watch on Dream's wrist or the fact that he's quite obviously never been here before.

The air smells stale, like the poorly concealed mould under the floorboards has found a new way to seek vengeance, and at the usual place where Dream goes with his family and his friends, they'd never allow something like that. But this is different, this is far less legal.

Wooden floors creak under pointed shoes, and Dream flashes a confident smile to the bartender as he steps closer, an illusion of belonging plastered onto sharp features.

"Whiskey," Dream says, lifting a finger as he settles into a seat.

The bartender nods, white shirt pulled tight around his chest as he moves to grab a glass. "You want anything with that?"

"No. I'm good." He throws a few pennies onto the counter, not having to count to know that it'll be enough, and if the bartender is offended by his lack of care he doesn't say anything, letting the glass drop into Dream's hands and the drink find its way to his lips.

It's bad, sliding hot down his neck with the burn nothing less than insatiable, but Dream can't get enough. Tan fingers curl around the glass, ice clinking from behind the bar as the bartender scoops the money up and turns away to go serve someone else, and it may be the last of that particular interaction, but Dream is sure that tonight they'll have many more of the same nature.

The drink is gone before Dream can blink, leaving him alone with his finger circling the wet rim of the glass. It's barely clean, something so many others will have drank from and Dream wants to turn his nose up in unkempt disgust, but the manners that have been engraved into him since birth tell him not to – what kind of a gentleman would he be if he was caught with such an abhorrent expression?

"Don't places like these normally have music?" Dream asks once he's done studying the conditions, cocking his head towards the bartender, who nods and rolls his eyes.

“You’re early.” He says, “Music doesn’t start ‘till 10.”

A frown makes its way onto Dream’s face. What good is a speakeasy without music? “You got a band?” He asks, suit creasing when he leans forward, “Some guy? Girl? Who’s going to be on?”

“We’ve got a guy.”

“Yeah?” Dream asks, fingers tapping on the wooden countertop, “He any good?”

Almost offended, the bartender nods, “Wouldn’t be here if he wasn’t.”

“Name?”

Huffing, the bartender tilts his head towards a poster that’s pinned to the wall behind him and Dream’s eyes run over the print, not settling on any definite thought as he studies it carefully. It’s loud, blues and pinks mixing on crinkled paper with a black silhouette painted over the top, and if there’s a name on the sheet then Dream can’t see it, only noting the large ‘404’ that sticks out in red over the top. Whoever made it must’ve had an eye for detail, for the sharp lines and liquor laced hues won’t let Dream look away, and when the man next to him shifts and almost sends a drink knocking into Dream’s lap, he isn’t even able to yell.

Wonder peaks at the back of Dream’s mind, makes his thoughts run wild with the possibilities of who could step out from behind silk curtains (or just the oak door at the side). And although he only came here for the chance at a drink, he’s still intrigued by it all.

A silver watch hangs heavy on his wrist – expensive and far too clean to be in a place like this – and Dream’s eyes drop down to check the time it wear, prayers being answered when the clock ticks round to the next minute and 10pm creeps closer.

“Is there any more of this?” Dream asks, gesturing to no one and holding up the empty whiskey glass in his left hand. The glass gets filled again when money falls out of his pockets and onto the table, and in reality, it’s a shitty excuse for a drink – it’s bitter and watered down, and the bottle it comes from isn’t of a usual colour, but it’s the best thing he’ll get for a while so Dream savours every drop.

He’s not drunk yet though. It’d be hard to get drunk off of something like this, but men sit with their heads pressed down against hard tables, all pockets empty as they order something strong – yet Dream’s not like them, he knows his limits, and he knows that the driver that waits outside won’t be able to keep his parents off his back if he stumbles back through grand doors with his suit in threads.

Still, he knows better than to ask for a glass of water, it’d surely be dirty or frowned upon and Dream doesn’t want to have to deal with that today.

He lets his legs swing around, body facing the side and out into the dimly lit room. Towards the front there’s a slim microphone, something Dream hadn’t noticed on his walk in. The top is round, tinted gold and attached by a square to a thinner middle, and it peaks Dream’s curiosity again as he waits for something new.

Quiet music hums out from behind a screen, and it’s nothing special, not much for Dream to pay attention to. The time ticks by far too fast, with Dream listening to hushed whispers beside him, from men who can’t afford to let this place be found out about – Dream should be one of them but he knows he’d never go down for this, he’s far too well off to let it happen.

Click. Click. Click.

Dream's eyes dart to the side, dropping down to follow the sound. It makes him still, breath running away in all directions when black heels dig into dark floorboards, pale, pale skin poking out from shadow like garments. Long legs meet a shapeless dress, something that hangs high and lets prominent collarbones stay focused on. And when Dream finally finds black hair and sparkling eyes, he knows exactly why he came here in the first place.

404.

"Hi boys," he smiles, an exaggerated wink making some men chuckle.

He's some caricature of perfection – he has to be. The golden neck of the microphone stand gets taken between his delicate hands, the circular head just in front of his face. And he barely even gets an introduction, the man to his right blowing air into a worn saxophone to command attention.

Then the song starts.

Dream doesn't know what he was expecting, but what he's met with is far better than anything he could have imagined. It's a silk like voice, slightly rough but dipped in honey to balance out the shake, and the beginning of the song feels slow, as though he's holding back in some way.

Calculated movements mean there's no tremble in the boy's legs when he moves on dangerous heels. His voice rings out with notes of the times, jazz dripping off his tongue. And Dream hangs off of every note.

There's something ethereal about him, maybe just the way he moves – with his hands turned up and fluidity running through his every joint. Black satin sits tight on his chest, kept up by small straps that let the dress hang flat, it's nothing special, yet he manages to make it seem like the most finely made garment in existence.

The slit on the side of the dress lets alabaster skin flash when he twists, thin, diaphanous stockings disappearing behind the material in a way that could almost be unnoticeable to someone who isn't looking closely, but Dream sees.

Taking a loud breath, Dream pulls his eyes off of the sight - he didn't come here for a lay, he came for a drink. And even if he had, he's sure the pretty boy singing on the wooden floors wouldn't bat an eye in his direction anyway.

The song is lovely though. Its soft and fuelled by jazz, and bars like these make Dream feel as though the world around may not be real, as though he's floating on symphonies and saxophones as glittery headbands and black feathers lay on dancers' hair. The boy singing lets his hands wrap around the neck of the microphone. With confidence radiating from his skin, he shoots a smile at his audience, a sea of drunk men that will never be good enough for him, and Dream wants that look all for himself, he wants selfish desire to take over his body and to pin that boy down like it's nothing.

It feels as though his deepest desires have been granted when those umber eyes flick to him. The song never stops, even when the boy shoots a coy smile in Dream's direction, running his hands up his sides and letting the dress bunch up as it moves. And it's when the music starts to fade, jazz beat turning into almost nothingness, that Dream lets his mind slip – a silk voice consuming his every thought.

The song should never end, Dream doesn't want it to, but it does, and Dream barely has time to order another drink for the next beat starts up faster and the same voice starts to ring through the room for the second time.

Against his own will, Dream doesn't watch, because this isn't what he came here for. His suit feels tight, tie suffocating. And he needs to slow down before he asks for another glass to do give him the confidence to do something regrettable.

The driver may be getting bored but Dream still stays in the same spot for a half hour, leaving his drink empty and not asking for another while he listens to a pretty boy's music.

After what feels like eons, the last note plays, all songs finally ending with the bar collapsing into a silence and a few claps sitting in the air, yet there's no real appreciation for the talent that stands in front. It'd never pass at Dreams usual spot, for reasons more than one.

Stupidly, Dream turns to face the front, his head tilted while he stares at the same milky skin and slim shoulders. And when he looks back up he has to stop in his tracks, alarm sprouting at the sight of the other staring right back.

Curious eyes rake over Dreams body, sizing him up while someone shrugs a sheer robe over the boys shoulders. And it takes almost all of Dreams strength not to shrink under the gaze and order another drink. Still, with fire running through his veins, Dream turns away, lets his fingers trace over the swirls on the wooden countertop as he waits for something that could never happen.

It's only when the chatter behind him gets louder, the clicking of sharp heels against dented flooring growing closer and a small tap indents the black of his suit, that Dream turns around.

"What?" He asks, ready to ask whoever there to just fuck off until he takes a proper look.

The boy feels like something cut straight from one of his dreams. He's pretty, pale skin adorned with orange glitter to make soft features stick out even more, and the drag of a pencil has made sure his under eyes pop with black lines that have been dragged out and blended until they're nothing but a shadow.

He moves behind the bar, in the way of production but no one seems to say anything – letting him do whatever he wants, and he pours himself a weak drink that he downs within seconds.

"You're new," he says, accented drawl making Dream shiver, "I'm George."

A dainty hand is pushed forwards, the grime underneath Dream's fingertips causing self-consciousness to bubble up in his stomach when he takes it in his own and shakes gently.

"Dream," he says, noting the raise of eyebrows he gets in return.

"An alias," George smiles, "I like it. In that case I'm 404."

He pushes his shoulders forward, letting the satin dress dip and pool around his chest, a glimpse down the front of the garment being given to Dream, who looks away and stifles a mild cough.

"What's a guy like you doing in a trashy little place like this, then?" George asks, reaching for Dreams hand to pull it up and give a half glance to the watch on his wrist, "Is this real?"

"Yeah," Dream shrugs, pulling his arm away, "And I came for the drinks."

Furrowing his eyebrows, George leans a big closer, "You can get a drink from anywhere, why here?"

"A change of scenery."

It's not a lie, just not the truth.

It's obvious that George doesn't buy it, but he doesn't push, pulling Dreams half empty glass and pulling it towards himself, letting his fingertips touch the rim while he speaks.

"Did you care for the entertainment?"

Dream nods, "You were great."

"It wasn't just me," George laughs, picking up the glass and taking a sip. never flinching at the burn or letting his eyes let go of Dreams. "Or were you just not paying attention to the others?"

"Others?"

As if on cue, new music rings through the bar, and to everyone else they've probably been there for decades but to Dream this is the first time he's really paid attention.

"Yes silly," George smiles, empty glass being pushed along the table. "So where are you from?"

Dream doesn't tell him; he lets his secrets hide behind a small smile. But what he does say is how pretty he thinks George is, false confidence dripping like liquor from his tongue, with George smiling and fixing his tie when Dream gets sloppy.

"You're too pretty for a place like this," Dream explains, leaning into George's charm, "Why are you even here?"

George giggles, "Free drinks and guaranteed money, what can I say?"

The robe on his body makes him look ethereal, and Dream half considers telling tales of masked parties and old snobs he's met, badmouthing others that sit next to him just because he thinks it'd make George laugh. And maybe the bartender is looking at him funny, or maybe the other men are jealous that the boy in the dresses attention is so firmly fixed on him, but Dream doesn't care, smiling loosely at filthy words.

"Your suit looks expensive," George drawls, batting his eyelashes, "Is it tailored?"

It is. In fact it's one of Dream's favourites, slim fitting and made from black material – unlike the usual blue or grey that seems to be so in fashion. It's not ivory linen or a striped seersucker but Dream likes it, likes the waistcoat that wraps around him and illudes to a smaller waist, and the matching pants that only lay half hidden by his long-coated blazer. And this doesn't feel like the place to showcase his wealth for there are many men that'd kill to find his wallet, but Dream finds himself wanting to impress the other, flashing a smile and saying, "Specially made – for an engagement party of sorts."

It brings a wonderous expression to George's features, "A well off family I presume."

Dream nods.

"And you still found your way to me."

There's a hidden smile behind the words, something that Dream would be stupid to not see, but he ignores it in favour of watching the pretty way that George's hair curls up against his forehead, with imperfect strands branching off wildly. Everything that he does feels as though it's laced with some kind of resistance, as though he isn't saying everything that he wants to. And Dream wants to know if George acts like this with every new guy that walks through those doors or he's just

special.

Dream knows he has to keep his voice low in places like these, yet he finds his mind running off and his tone getting louder when George moves and makes some stupidly distracting gesture without even meaning to. There's no need to order another drink when George is talking to him, and Dream can half forget the reasons in which he came because of the boy that stands behind the bar, chatting to him nicely and keeping his mind off of troubling times.

"Do you want some water?" George asks, brushing a hair off of Dream's shoulder. He has to lean over the bar to do it and for anyone else it could look awkward but not for him – somehow George manages to make it look elegant.

"Yeah," Dream sighs. His eyes move to check the time on his watch and it's far past 11, and he needs to get home, but George's smile is so so compelling. "Can you get me some?"

"In the dressing room there's a pipe," George says, "Might not be the cleanest but it won't get you sick."

"I'm not drunk."

He's barely even tipsy, shitty alcohol won't get him that far.

"I know, you don't have to come," George shrugs, "I just thought I should offer."

"Who else is back there?" Dream asks, ready to stand.

"The guys," George smiles as though it answers every possible question, "They hang around for a bit after we play."

"I don't know if that's a good idea," Dream says monotonously. No matter his desire, at the end of the day he's still a gentleman, and he can't let pretty boys that sing at speakeasies sway his morals.

Alabaster skin peeks out even more when George frowns, prominent collarbones being flashed in front of him, and Dream wants to pretend that there's no part of him that's tempted by what's he's being shown, but it'd be a lie. The dress makes Dream's mind blank, maybe from the way the satin folds and leaves little to the imagination or because of who's wearing it, but either way he knows that trying to pretend he doesn't want the other is useless – his awestruck expression has been giving everything away from the start.

"What about your place then?" George's fingers dip into lukewarm liquor, a glass of something that Dream can't quite distinguish being placed in front of George by the bartender but kept just out of his sight. Smiling coyly, George draws his finger out, drags it across a pink tongue and then lets his eyes flutter shut while he clamps his lips down around it.

Dream's blood feels hot, like fire is pumping through his veins and the poorly concealed arousal he feels must be evident in the way his hands itch to lace with George's. "Maybe," he mumbles, pointing to the glass. "What's the drink?"

"It's a special concoction," George smiles, plainly flirtatious. "Sapnap likes to make it for me before I leave." He eyes Dream's curious expression, tacking on an explanation of, "The bartender."

Making a gesture towards the glass, Dream tilts his head up. "Can I try?"

"Nope."

Throwing his head back, George empties the glass, liquor dripping down his cheek as he takes large gulps. His adam's apple bobs while he swallows, hair tickling the back of his neck – and the stretch of skin that gets revealed makes Dream's eyelids droop. It's obscene, George's lips trembling and wet when he pulls away – slightly pink and missing bite marks, and it takes all of Dream's strength to not give him anything he wants immediately.

The watch on his wrist feels heavy, a quiet tick going unheard under the quiet whispers around, but Dream keeps his eyes off of the hand, staring only at the man in front of him. He wants to take him home, see that dress discarded on marble floors, and it doesn't matter if his family looks down on the man in his bed in the morning, no one else will speak of it anyway.

"So I'm going home with you?" George asks, although his tone makes it seem more as though he's made his mind up for the both of them.

"It appears so," Dream smiles. He fixes his tie, makes sure his shirt is collared properly, then waits for George to place their glasses to the side, listening to them clink together and studying the way the low back of his dress connects and hides everything that Dream wants to see.

George's skin is clear. There's a small beauty mark to the right of his spine, the stretch of translucent skin making him look almost ghostly, but the blush that coats his knuckles and the top of his chest when he turns around reminds Dream that there's still some life there.

He's still wearing his robe, the dress too sheer for the cold night air, but it's been dropped down so it barely hangs off of his elbows. And even though outside it's surely getting wintry, George makes no effort to change. The heels must hurt by now too, make his feet ache under the effort to hold himself up, and Dream's eyes stay trained to his calf where muscles flex and tense under the pressure.

Rounding the bar, George lets his fingers brush over Dream's shoulders, satin pushing up when he takes a step to show off snow-white skin and crossed stockings. A coy smile is thrown in Dream's direction. "Then let's go."

He offers a palm towards Dream, challenge on his expression as he waits for the other to take it. And Dream's never been one for meetings like these so he waits for his mind to catch up and for reason to take over from lust but for some reason it doesn't happen, and he finds his fingers twitching at the offer instead.

It goes against everything he's ever been taught; desire overruling the rules of a gentleman and yet Dream pays it no mind. He takes George's hand, knowing the implications behind the gesture but doing him anyway. And if there's surprise in any onlookers' stomachs they don't say anything – with no one giving the pair more than one glance as Dream gets up from his seat and squeezes George's palm to check if he's even real.

George's hand feels like it slots perfectly in his, and although Dream's the one that knows where he's going, he lets George take the lead anyway. The click of sharp heels against wooden floorboards commands attention from drunk men, Dream shying away from the gaze and letting his head fall low while George soaks it in. He moves like the world is just a stage, like he's some statue that's here to be idolised, and Dream doesn't know how he does it, because the looks he gets makes Dream's skin crawl with something red.

The nature of their walk isn't subtle, the grin that Dream tries to hide probably tells all. And when he glances back, the bartender gives him a small nod as if to say he's in for a wild ride. Dream gets pulled along easily, as though he was just made to follow George to the ends of the earth, and the brisk speed that they both adopt feels nothing short of frantic.

They pass through the first door quickly, brushing against the men that stand by the second fake door and regulate who's coming in or out, and Dream has to flash them a smile to show he's thankful for the service.

Dream wants this – he knows he does, but the thought of taking a stranger (let alone someone like George) back to his family home and into his arms still takes its toll on the back of his mind. He's not thinking straight, and tomorrow Dream will pin it on the influence of a drink when he rushes George out of his room but right now his mind is set on what he wants.

Desperate hands find the door blindly, they try not to make much sound when they rush through, bodies pressed together with George's back touching Dream's chest – he'd shrugged the robe off somewhere along the way, throwing it over a hanger where long coats can brush against it, likely figuring that going out with bare arms is better than appearing in a sheer gown that'd draw the common eye.

"Did you bring a car?" George asks, hiding a shiver.

Dream nods, feeling a tug on his arm as if to invite him to lead the way. Keenly, Dream steps further through the door, a certain stealth to his movements that try to hide him from sight. The speakeasy lies on the corner of a road, under a set of stone stairs to keep it out of mind, and George's heels tap with each rushed step they make. They stand closer than necessary, with Dream's hand coming to rest on George's hip, each subtle touch something far too promiscuous. And if anyone were to see them like this, they'd surely know what's happening between them immediately.

"This way," Dream mumbles, a grin on his lips when he sees George's own smile.

The memory of where he'd left the driver still lies fresh in Dream's mind, and he's thankful for the fact that he'd been able to pay someone to wait for so long otherwise he and George would have a much harder time. He retraces past steps with George's hand still in his and before long he finds the car – sitting in an alleyway while shrouded in darkness.

Dream knocks twice on the front window, ducking down to show his face before sliding into the backseat with George close by. He barely manages to sit down before George is attacking him, his hands pushing up Dream's chest and tearing open the first button of his collared shirt so his tie hangs loose and the top of his chest is on display. It makes him gasp, a flush on his cheeks when their lips are eagerly pressed together, and he almost forgets to return the kiss until he hears the other drawing back.

He kisses George as though he's a lifeline, tugging him closer with feverish movements. Everything feels frenzied, with Dream's want overruling any previous doubts he may have had, and his hands slide around George's waist as they try to find somewhere comfortable to settle. Dazed, he lets George pry his mouth open and bite down on his bottom lip, ivory teeth snagging against the skin and trying to draw blood. He feels George clamber into his lap, his dress riding up and showing off even more of his thighs that Dream moves to take a hold of.

They move together hurriedly, noses knocking together and teeth clicking. Unintentionally, Dream lets out a soft groan, pushing against George further, and he's ready to take it even further, flip them around and lift George's dress up fully until he hears a loud cough from the front of the car.

Dream's head turns instantly, almost knocking George off of him with the suddenness. A rosy blush floods to his face as he stares at who's interrupted them.

In the front seat, the driver barely looks bothered, glancing towards them with a blank expression.

“Home sir?” He asks, giving no attention to the boy in Dream’s lap.

Unaffected, George lets his lips trail down to meet Dream’s neck, peppering the skin with chaste touches that make Dream groan. The brashness feels new, but he tries to ignore it, smiling at the driver as though there’s nothing peculiar about the arrangement.

“Yes,” he says, feeling George’s teeth scrape over his skin, “Quickly.”

“Do I need to park around the back again?”

“Please do,” Dream chokes out. He gives the driver a weak smile, watching amusement flicker through his eyes as he turns away. The barrier between the front and back of the car gets slid shut, having to be done manually, and Dream has to bite his tongue to not speak his thanks audibly.

Slender fingers move to turn Dream’s jaw, angling his head up so their eyes can meet. “A chauffeur?” George asks, grin widening when Dream nods, “God that’s hot.”

He pulls Dream back into a kiss, their lips being pressed together hungrily, and Dream feels so aware of his surroundings that he can’t put his everything into it. “Someone could see,” he mutters, pulling back slightly. Spit slick lips press together in front of him, displaying mild irritation.

“You didn’t care before,” George frowns.

“Well now I think we should wait until we’re somewhere private.”

Unsurprisingly, George doesn’t take that for an answer. He tilts his head back and to the side, making his neck bend and the stretch of porcelain skin that runs from his jawline to his chest become almost irresistible. Dark hair looks pullable, pink lips seem as though they should be read and swollen instead, and Dream knows that it’s pathetic, but he’s already going back on his words, ready to tug George back down.

The straps of George’s dress sit loose against his skin, the contrast making him appear even paler. Smiling, George lets his head fall further, his right hand moving to splay over Dream’s shoulder lazily, “But don’t you like the rush?”

Infatuation makes Dream’s tongue loose. “I do.”

“Then kiss me, idiot.”

It’s not often that Dream takes a pretty boy’s hand and leads them to a warm bed, but when he does it’s special. Somewhere along the way George’s shoes get kicked off, the heel hanging off of his foot for a second before being discarded on the carpeted floors of the car while his leg gets dragged up so Dream’s fingers can run up his thigh and slip under his dress.

Maybe the driver can hear them, maybe he can’t, but in all honesty Dream couldn’t care less if he can, because his lips have already been stuffed full of money and passing a story like this to the press would be more than distasteful anyway. He kisses George like he’s pure sin, as though nothing he can do will ever be enough, and George lets him, threading dainty fingers through dirty blond hair and keeping them there.

The movement of the car makes things difficult, and eventually George rolls off of Dream’s lap so his back can touch the seats and the door. They try not to break the kiss even though it proves difficult. Dream moves so he’s sitting on his knees above the other with his hands on his waist, and a sharp tug on his hair tells him to keep going.

Eagerness shows through sudden movements – Dream forces George’s lips apart with his tongue, pushing it into George’s mouth and letting out a groan when he starts to suck on it. It feels dirty, and cold skin presses up against him when George lets his legs spread apart even more and Dream’s body falls between them.

He can’t stop his hands from roaming, and he almost draws back in shock when silk material meets his fingertips at the top of George’s thigh. “What’s this?” He asks, confusion in his tone.

Scoffing, George raises an eyebrow. “What? Don’t all the lords and ladies wear pretty panties when you sleep with them.”

“Not the lords,” Dream mumbles. Curiously, he moves to push George’s dress up, letting out a soft breath at the sight in front of him. They’re loose, something similar to what he’s seen women wear before dressing, with rounded hemming running across the bottom. The pale blue blends to George’s skin tone where it brushes over his thighs, and although they aren’t too revealing they’re much shorter than any other pair he’s seen.

Lace lines the sides, pretty patterns catching Dream’s attention. And he can see a slight bulge pressing against the material when George shifts. Astonishingly, George looks tense under the gaze, like he’s waiting for Dream’s approval, and it comes a little late as he’s too busy catching his breath to form real words.

“You’re gorgeous,” Dream murmurs. He watches red wash over George’s neck, running down his chest and causing a pink flush to stain his features.

“Shut up.”

Hiding a laugh, Dream moves to take off his blazer and tie, letting them fall to the floor, and George’s hands grab onto his suspenders and drag him down. Dream’s hands keep George’s thighs apart, dipping into his underwear teasingly and feeling around. Every inch of skin feels soft under his fingertips, perfect to the touch, and Dream wants to see more – he needs to.

“Finger me,” George says, slight desperation in his tone; he looks at Dream under lidded eyes, long eyelashes making his words seem even sweeter.

“Here?” Dream questions, eyes wide.

George however seems calm about the proposal, lifting his hips as to help Dream pull his underwear down past milky thighs to hang around his ankles. “Yes.”

Against his better judgement, Dream does as asked. Enthusiastically, he drags the pretty panties off and lets them fall to the floor, watching George’s cock spring up against his chest. It’s dirty and erotic, George lying with messy hair and his legs spread and Dream revels in it. He feels a hand grab onto his, dragging it up over black fabric and towards George’s face, and he’s about to ask what’s going on until he watches George’s tongue dart out.

“Fuck,” Dream groans.

Insatiably, George’s lips wrap around the tip of his finger, teeth biting down on the end as he drags it back and takes two into his mouth instead. His lips don’t need to stretch, cheeks hollowing as he forces Dream’s fingers further into his mouth and sucks down around them, making sure they’re wet as he bobs his head up and down. He looks so happy with his mouth full – eyes fluttering shut as he lets out a small moan.

Staring dumbly, Dream’s mouth hangs open, it all seems so surreal but the feeling of George’s

tongue massaging his fingers so precisely can't be something his mind has made up. When he comes back to himself, Dream tries to push his fingers further back to see how far George can take them, and to his surprise, George doesn't gag until Dream's fingers almost touch the roof of his mouth.

Dream doesn't stop though – he lets George gasp around his fingers and watches his eyes roll back as he gets over the feeling. And he'd almost feel bad if it weren't for how pretty George's lips look around him. The pressure feels blinding and Dream wants to see those same lips wrapped around his cock, to see George choking on him with no complaint.

It's teasing, harsh movements, and Dream's fingers disappear further into George's mouth with each passing second, although the pressure growing in his stomach wants nothing more for him to pull them out and work George open with them instead.

Eventually, George pushes Dream's hand away, his lips shiny as spit trails down from his tongue. "In me," He mutters, glancing down to his growing erection. He's not big by any means but he's definitely not small, and Dream's breathing grows heavy when he watches George's cock twitch in anticipation.

"Are you sure about this?" Dream asks, hoisting George's leg up so it's pressed to the side of the seats. His heart's beating fast, gut twisting into a tight knot.

The dress still hides most of George's body, and although Dream wants to see it all he knows that getting the garment back on once they've arrived will be more than difficult.

He's slightly thankful for the slow pace at which the car moves but he still has to try and not to be seen through the clear windows, needing to duck his head down while he lets spit slick fingers trail over George's inner thigh. The tip of his finger leaves red trails across the skin, wrapping around George's thighs like ribbons or binding rope. And Dream lets out a soft groan when he lifts the leg even higher to leave him completely exposed.

Hesitantly, Dream presses a finger to his entrance, watching keenly as George shudders under the touch. He traces over the pink rim, unable to take his eyes off of the area, and he may be desperate but he still wants to drag this out – for it to last forever. His fingers are wet, a makeshift lube of sorts coating them and Dream's head feels light when he watches George buck his hips up to try and get things to move faster.

"Put it in," George whines, head falling back. And Dream almost doesn't, he almost gets too caught up in the fact that George wants him, George sought *him* out and now he's here spreading his legs in the back of Dream's car with an unmatched need just because he'd seen Dream from across a dark room and decided he had to have him.

Dream's fingers rub over his entrance, and George's voice is dark and heavy when he finally pushes a finger in, "Oh fuck," he breathes out. Need makes Dream's motions quick. He doesn't stop until he's knuckle deep and George is gasping around him.

There's pain in his tone but Dream ignores it, almost wrapping a hand around George's cock to try and soothe the feeling. He's done this before, he knows his way around another man's body, but George's reactions to the simplest of touches aren't something he's seen before. Normally, men will put on a brave face and tell Dream the pain has subsided far before it has, gritting their teeth and letting him pump four fingers in and out of their pleading bodies, but George doesn't have to do that. His pain flickers over his face for half seconds, replaced immediately with pleasure, and Dream can tell he enjoys this, enjoys the stretch.

Spit and willpower make everything easier. George knows what he's doing, it's obvious by the way he reaches down between his legs and grabs onto Dream's wrist to try and push his finger in deeper. He draws it back, pumps it in and out of George's body to get him ready, and a soft groan resides in the air above him to say he's doing something right.

He's barely used to the first when Dream pushes in a second finger, moving it immediately. He leans forwards and presses his lips to George's, the force making his teeth sink into George's lower lip until it's sore. He kisses him until their lips are numb. And Dream makes sure to keep his fingers moving at the same steady rhythm throughout the whole ordeal.

Bottled up energy from alcohol and weeks of chastity make Dream light-headed; he pulls back so he can watch George's face closely when he crooks his fingers to the side.

"Oh fuck," George gasps, slinging his arms around Dream's neck, "*Right there* right there Dream."

Ruthlessly, he drives two fingers against the same spot, driving George wanton as he works him open. Prep is the last real thing on his mind, he's doing what he's doing just to see pretty moans and the way George's expression goes slack when Dream hits right where he wants it most.

Purposely, he pushes his fingers back against George's prostate, and a full body shudder runs through him, making a loud moan slip into the air. The driver can definitely hear them but Dream doesn't care, fucking George stupid on two fingers. George tries to push his hips back and keep a slight sense of control, and although he looks so pretty grinding down on Dream's hand and making his cock bob against his stomach, hard and untouched, Dream doesn't let him do it for long.

He stays using two fingers for a while, revelling in the obscene way that George moans and jerks about. And the straps on his dress start to fall down his shoulders in a way that's oh so compelling. Dream fervently grabs onto George's thigh, pushing it back against his chest and watching beads of sweat start to drip down his neck.

"Another," George gasps out.

A third finger presses against his rim. Dream chokes on his own breath when he presses it in, George feeling so tight and perfect around him. And George is so loose on two fingers already that the third barely makes him flinch. Dream could go slow, make sure George is fully ready before he even thinks about moving his fingers, but he doesn't want to, he can't.

George's legs can't open any wider, but they try to. "Dream," he moans. He's being stretched open in the back of Dream's car and yet he doesn't seem to care about the risk of it at all.

Three fingers spread apart inside of him, keeping him open and ready for Dream's cock. Pushing his fingers in deeper makes George moan, the sound coming out as more of a cry than anything, and Dream's so focused on watching him that he barely even registers when the car slows to a stop.

A hand taps on the barrier between them on the driver – the opening not sliding to the side though as the driver likely knows what's going on already and won't need to have his suspicions confirmed. Dream pulls his fingers out quickly, hearing a whine escape George's lips. He sits back, helps George up and ducks down to grab the panties from the ground.

George is only just tugging his dress back down when the door behind him opens, almost causing him to topple out of the car until Dream catches him by the wrist. The driver stands holding the door open with his eyes averted, and Dream makes a mental note to give him a bit extra for his

Christmas wage. With his shirt still half open, Dream helps George out of the car, watching him lean over to grab his shoes with the back of his dress riding up a bit.

His stockings are almost see through, sticking to the tops of his thighs right where Dream wants to press his lips. Sex blinds his vision as he mumbles a short “thanks” to the driver before stepping closer to George and guiding him around so they’re facing the house.

It’s a tall building, white walls looming over a grass field that’s lined with neatly cut hedges, and George’s intrigue is in his eyes as he scans around for something unseen. “Through that door,” Dream mumbles, lips ghosting over the shell of his ear, “No one should see.”

“Yeah,” George breathes, “Yeah okay.”

And George is loose and he stumbles when he walks, holding the heels in one hand and trying not to be seen through large, open windows as he goes, and it’s the knowledge that Dream could push up his dress and fuck him right now, out and in the open, that makes Dream groan, following George with his eyes trained firmly to the backs of his thighs.

Dream’s hard too. He has been for a while. His erection presses up against the front of his slacks, making each step hell, and George presses up against him when they trip towards the back of the house, grinding back while Dream steps forwards.

“Fuck,” Dream groans, voice gravelly. Shaking hands grab the door handle, sliding a key out of his trouser pocket and fumbling with the lock. George’s head falls back onto his shoulder, kissing his neck lightly and Dream’s mind is so far gone that pushing open the door feels like more than a struggle.

They’re a tangled mess of hands and tongues as they rush up the stairs and towards Dream’s room. In his left hand, Dream still clings onto George’s underwear, and he kicks his shoes off on the steps while trying not to fall. They can’t make too much noise – Dream’s family would likely come looking – but it doesn’t stop Dream from sliding a hand up George’s skirts and pressing a dry finger to his rim while they walk.

He doesn’t push it in but he keeps it there, making sure George knows of its presence, and George tenses and pushes back against it until Dream moves to grab at his ass instead.

“Where’s your room?” George asks, light and airy.

Dream doesn’t bother to respond. He pushes George forward with the force of his own body, guiding him by pearly white banisters and hideous décor, and George’s eyes are wide when they pass each door. Until eventually, they stumble into Dream’s room, cream and red wallpaper rushing into vision as they fall towards the bed – door slamming shut behind them.

They drop items on the floor, not really looking at that they’re doing and being too interested in the others body to even think about cleaning it up later.

Frantically, Dream pushes George onto the silk sheets, his hands coming to hold onto his hips and hold him down while he kisses him breathless. The black suspenders that sit against his chest get taken a hold of and keep him in George’s grasp. Their kiss is forceful and messy, and Dream likes it that way. He runs his hands up George’s thighs, slipping his fingers up his dress to pull the material off.

Black satin pools around George’s waist. His legs move to accommodate Dream’s body, and he lets out a loud, “Oh fuck,” when Dream’s hand slides higher to brush over his nipple. “Off,” he

groans, sounding so far gone already. He's pulling at the buttons on Dream's shirt, almost ripping them off with his desperation. So Dream's fingers knock his to the side as not to ruin one of his best shirts.

Delicate fingers trail down his bare stomach, Dream's shirt fully open and showing off faint muscle and slightly tan skin. George's hands look so dainty next to him, thin wrists being caught by Dream's hand to pull him lower and towards the belt on Dream's slacks.

"Can I?" George asks, palm hovering over the bulge in Dream's pants. Immediately, Dream nods and George pushes the heel of his hand against him to make Dream groan.

The friction feels perfect, and Dream leans into the touch with his head hanging low. He sits on his knees and grabs onto George's waist, starting to pull the material of his dress up while George palms him through few layers of clothing. "I need to fuck you," Dream grunts. The dress gets pushed so it's barely covering the top of George's chest, the rest of his pale skin completely exposed under Dream's gaze.

He sits up halfway, lifting his hips and moving his hand from where it was placed on Dream's bulge to assist in getting the dress off, and it's such a pity to see the black satin straps and plain material lift off of his skin but the sight of him almost completely naked under Dream means he can't mourn the loss for too long.

The stockings around his legs are so thin they're barely visible, matching his skin colour almost perfectly, and Dream shrugs off the rest of his shirt and lets his suspenders hang down against his waist before dipping his head down to kiss the spot where the material ends and George's thigh starts. He rolls the material down, slips his fingers in next to it and kisses down George's leg as he pulls it off – slow and careful movements making George's other leg raise up and hook around his head.

He's shirtless, throwing George's stockings to the side and pressing his lips back to his inner thigh while completely ignoring the way George's cock twitches above him.

"More," George sighs, arms coming up to cover his eyes as he tries not to writhe around on the sheets. His leg is hoisted over Dream's shoulder and his other hand squeezes the sheets, knuckles turning white at the force it takes.

Sharp hipbones catch Dream's eyes, pressing against translucent skin and poking out just above George's v line, and Dream's head goes down to press bitten lips to George's stomach. His skin feels so soft, and the muted pink on his skin only spurs Dream on further. He kisses up to George's sternum, groaning when he hears George gasp out and whine, "Dream please."

"Fuck," Dream mutters, "You're so gorgeous," he trails his lips down, "*God*, I want to taste you."

"Such a dirty mouth," George laughs, breath hitching on the last syllable, "I thought you were a gentleman."

"Gentlemen don't let people like you into their houses." If the words sting at all George doesn't show it. He carries on his incessant whimpering and gasps a shuddered, "Oh god, oh, Dream fuck-" when Dream's teeth scrape over his hipbones and settle just underneath the spot.

Mulberry marks take over alabaster skin, the blood red of Dream's lips leaving dark marks around George's hipbones, and he laps over the spots where his teeth have previously been, hearing George hiss and sigh before melting into the touch when he pays extra attention to those sensitive areas. A prominent v line draws Dream's attention too, he lets his hands slide over the dips,

pressing open mouthed kisses against every bare spot of skin in reach. And he'd continue it for eons if he could, but George's impatience gets the best of them both and forces Dream to move from paying such special attention to George's thighs and waist so he can press his face into George's neck again.

"Fuck," Dream mutters against the skin, "Are we really doing this?"

George nods, "Yes. *Fuck* yes."

Without looking, Dream's arm moves to the side, blindly pulling open a drawer and trying to find the jar of oil he'd managed to buy one time when his parents weren't looking. He feels around for it, finally landing on the small jar with an unplanned accuracy. George's eyes flicker over to see what he's doing, and he smiles in approval when Dream takes it out and brings it to the bed next to them.

Dazed hands fumble with his belt, ripping it off and throwing it to the side, and George unbuttons his slacks and dips his fingers into the waistband to try and drag them down. Breath slowing, Dream shuffles back, dragging his trousers off and relieving some of the pressure on his cock. He can see just how hard he is now; his underwear being pushed down his thighs then falling to the floor, and George is practically no help, just keeping his legs spread and whining as he waits for something more.

All of his clothes fall to the floor, his watch disappearing onto the pile somewhere along the way too.

Dream screws the lid off, dipping his fingers into the cool liquid and pressing them up against George's hole. He presses all three in to make sure he's stretched, groaning when he sees how easily George takes it, and he barely keeps them in for a few seconds before he's drawing them back out and spreading the excess lube over the backs of George's thighs. Blinking, Dream slicks up his cock, squeezing the base and giving himself a few painfully quick strokes to make sure he's fully hard and ready for George to take.

"God," George moans when Dream presses the head of his cock against his rim. His shoulders tense up, eyes struggling to stay open as he waits for it. And Dream's cock leaks pre-cum over his rim, the mess between their bodies making his fingers twitch.

George's hips rock against his, trying to get Dream's cock inside of him, his wet rim shines pink with a mixture of spit and the lubricant, and the sight is so filthy that Dream can't look away. Dirty blond hair obstructs Dream's view, and the arousal that sits in the pit of his stomach also paints George's face, so instead of pushing in, he stays there and watches the twist of pink on his features.

"You're gorgeous," he mumbles.

"Dream," George whines, back arching as he hooks his legs around Dream's waist to pull him closer.

"God, as soon as I saw you, I knew I had to have you." Dream's mouth moves faster than he can think; he's rambling and he can't make himself stop.

"Dream, just put it in."

"You looked so pretty singing like that," he continues, "And you're even prettier with your legs open."

A mixture of annoyance and embarrassment coats George's cheeks. "Anyone would think this is

your first- *fuck*.”

The tip of Dream’s cock finally pushes in, the swollen head slipping past his entrance and feeling George’s muscles grip onto him from all sides, resisting and trying to force him out. The tight heat makes Dream’s jaw lack, he has to bite his own lip to stop himself from groaning. It feels like so much at once, like nothing he’s ever felt before, and sure he’s had sex but it’s never been this good – this intoxicating.

Urgency spreads through Dream’s chest like a wildfire, he pushes in slowly, barely able to keep his control as George squirms around trying to take him. Tenderly, he rubs George’s side, keeping him calm while he forces him open even more. “There you go,” he mumbles, “Almost there.”

“You’re so big,” George manages, voice thick with want, “Oh fuck.”

His body’s trembling, back arching impossibly, and his hands squeeze the sheets until his fingers cramp and knuckles hurt. The friction is suffocating, all that Dream can feel is the way George’s muscles squeeze around him, and by the time he’s bottomed out, the moans that are filling the air have become frantic and breathy, lust lingering around both of their bodies. He has to force himself to keep pathetically loud vocals down, and he should probably stop George before he gets them caught but he’s too selfish – the moans of his own name are too good for him to stop.

He gives George a moment to adjust, closing his eyes as he tries to bury himself even deeper. Pleasure radiates through his body, running through Dream’s stomach and twisting through his veins, and he has to remind himself to breathe.

“Move,” George groans. Hot air escapes his lungs and against his stomach the flushed and red head of his cock leaks pre-cum onto his stomach. “Filling me up- so *so good Dream*, you have to move.”

“You’re so tight,” Dream groans helplessly, breathing laboured as he draws back almost fully, letting the head of his cock sit in George’s body as he regains control. He thrusts experimentally, trying to keep the smirk off of his face when George lets out a pornographic moan.

It’s a signal to keep moving, and Dream starts to fuck George properly, hard, calculated thrusts coming naturally to him. The sex feels fuelled by desperation, George let out small, undying sounds with each movement, and Dream starts up a pace that’s nothing less than brutal. Each thrust means that the sound of skin slapping against skin resounds into the air, and all he wants is to fuck George until he can’t walk tomorrow.

“Oh god, *fuck*, that’s so good,” George tries, the force of Dream’s thrusts making his body rock forwards and backwards. Dream moves faster at the approval, fucking George as though his life depends on it. He drives his cock further into his body every time their hips meet, and he’s putting all of his focus into it, just to make sure that George feels as good as he does.

Heat pools in the bottom of his stomach, George letting out a soft cry when Dream thrusts in violently, and his whole body convulses at the feeling of being filled like this, stuffed full of Dream’s cock until he’s nothing more than a dumb, drooling mess.

“Yeah?” Dream asks, unable to keep the arrogance out of his tone, “You like that?”

George does. Pure bliss coats his vision, Dream’s cock fucking him so perfectly, and the moans he lets out are so broken and weak that it’ll be a surprise if he can sing tomorrow.

Dream watches him carefully, studying him as though he’s a work of art – and in some regards, he

is. Deviancy spreads through Dream's mind, and before he can even warn George, he's changing up the angle so he can hit directly against George's prostate with every thrust.

The scream that's ripped from George's throat is like no other. It makes the world go silent for a second, nothing working other than the friction between the two of their bodies, and when Dream's mind comes back to him and his ears start to work again, he hears the undeliberate moan again, even louder this time. And he starts to drive his cock against that same bundle of nerves with more ferocity than he'd thought was possible.

Each thrust is merciless, it's animalistic and sends George into a flurry of moans and whimpers. George's hands tangle into the sheets as he tries to hold on, the fast pace making his eyes go glassy, and each sound sounds so needy that Dream doesn't know how long he'll be able to hold on.

"Dream. Dream, god-"

"So perfect," Dream grunts. His hips snap forwards, eyes taking in the mess that he's made of the other boy. Red marks still litter his pale, milky skin, and when Dream looks down past his hipbones and to where their hips meet, he can watch himself disappearing into George's body fervently.

Writhing and gasping, George stares up through half-lidded eyes, and the eye contact sparks a sense of pride to course through Dream's body – he's the one who made George like this, he's the one who got George so ruined underneath him. So he's merciless, making sure he hits George's prostate with each thrust to watch him shudder and see his eyes roll back into his skull.

Jazz moans spill from George's lips like symphonies, his mouth hanging open and his hips pushing back to try and force Dream's cock further into him. They're connected, limbs tangled together impossibly. And George's hands drag Dream down, nails clawing his back as his body shakes and trembles with need. He pulls until skin meets skin, wrapping his legs around Dream's waist even tighter as if to change the angle even more.

Dream takes the bait and peppers harsh, bruising kisses to the side of George's face, unable to stop the filthy words from escaping his lips as he slows his thrusts to make George *feel* it.

"I should have known you were a slut from the first time I saw you," he whispers against George's ear, punctuating the sentence with a sharp thrust. "Wanted to bend you other right there and then."

"*Dream.*"

"Tell me you wanted me too," Dream instructs. Each word is filthy, ivory teeth poking out to bite onto George's ear and ghost hot breath over him, "Tell me how good you feel."

"So good," George whimpers, "You're so deep inside of me."

A groan tumbles from Dream's lips, and he knows he's fucked.

Their bodies are so close that Dream will smell like George for weeks, their chest are flush together and Dream's hands have to rest on the sheets next to George's head. Guttural moans fill the air around, and Dream's orgasm hangs close in front of his face – his cock throbbing inside of the other's body.

Pressure builds in his stomach, and he knows that any attempts to last will be futile. He props himself up on one hand, resting on his elbow so his forehead almost touches George's, and he pushes a hand in between their bodies, wrapping a palm around George's cock to watch him

scream.

“Oh my god,” George rambles, nails scraping down Dream’s back and leaving little red marks in their place, “Faster, please, oh god, faster.”

Dream makes sure to jerk George to the same time as his thrusts, squeezing tight on the upstroke and twisting his hand to make the pace even better. George mewls when he speeds up his thrusts again, fucking George with such helpless desperation that sweat drips down his forehead and he has to blink a few times to clear his mind.

“Dream,” George moans, “Dream m’close.”

And Dream wants to watch him cum – he wants to watch his face twist up in such a pleased expression as he spills over both of their stomachs and taints their skin with white. It’s his only want, he can barely care for his own orgasm when George is lying so pretty in front of him.

His hand moves even quicker, thumb rubbing over the tip of George’s cock and digging into the slit. George keens, whining with his eyes fluttering shut, and not even a second can pass before George is cumming, head tipping back and mouth falling open.

“*Dream*,” he gasps, “Dream oh god.”

His muscles clench down around Dream’s cock, squeezing him even tighter. It’s dizzying, George’s orgasm making him gasp out loudly and his back arch, and Dream strokes him through it, feeling him spill over his hand. He keeps moving, the pleasure he gets from George’s incessant moving giving him the strength to continue his thrusts.

His own orgasm takes him by surprise; it’s sudden, blinding him with the intensity. Hot embers run through his veins, skin painted red with George’s touch, and any semblance of control he may have had disappears instantly. His vision blacks, pleasure coursing through his veins and making his hands shake. He can’t even watch George’s face anymore because he’s too busy chasing the feeling.

Moaning out George’s name, Dream scrambles to grab a hold of something, one hand finding George’s and tangling their fingers together as he rides out the high.

Body weak, he spills deep inside of George, fucking his cum into him without thought. Everything feels right. His hips stutter, leaving him buried inside of George as he catches his breath and he’s so sensitive that even moving feels like it would take up effort that he doesn’t have.

“George,” he breathes, head hanging low.

Sweaty hair sticks to his forehead, a clear example of how much he needed this. And Dream doesn’t want to pull out yet, he wants to stay inside of the tight heat forever. But George’s body is limp – he’s fucked out and panting and his body shivers with oversensitivity, so more out of courteousness than anything, Dream untangles their fingers and places a trembling hand on his waist.

Holding the base of his cock, he draws back, watching his cum drip out of George’s body as he goes, and he taps himself against George’s pink rim and spreads the remnants of what’s on his cock across his hole. “Fuck,” he mumbles, voice hoarse.

The muscles in his arms feel weak and before Dream can stop it he’s falling down onto his side, narrowly missing crushing George’s body with his own. Post orgasm bliss makes his eyesight blurry, and he can barely feel George’s fingers combing through his hair before his eyes are falling

shut.

“There you go,” George coos, “Off to sleep.”

Dream leans into the touch, a faint smile on his lips when he lets his mind clear, ready to do as asked. And maybe he can see George’s figure stand up through hazy shadows and bend down to collect his dress but he ignores it, because right now he’s too happy to think of anything that could be wrong. So sleep runs through his bones and he lets it, laying unconscious deep into the night while his body shakes off the experience.

~

When Dream wakes up he can’t find his watch.

At first he wonders if he’s just misplaced it, if it’s been discarded somewhere on the ground and he just needs to look a bit harder, but when he rummages through his room to throw dirty clothes into a small basket, he notices a distinct lack of both his watch and the boy he’d invited back the night before.

The dress that had been sitting on his floor has been moved, black heels and silk panties no longer there, and the only real evidence that Dream has of George’s existence are the scratches that sit now as raised bumps running along his back. And realistically, Dream knows that he couldn’t stay forever, but his stomach still sinks when he turns expecting to see George curled up in his sheets sound asleep and is met with nothing.

With his heart in the pit of his stomach, Dream pulls on a loose pair of clothes, his fingers shaking slightly when he threads loose strings together across the top of his chest, cream fabric covering his torso and brown pants adorning his legs. On his way out of the room he drags a crumpled blazer up off of the floor, the weight feeling much lesser than it had the day before.

Confused, Dream feels around for all of his belongings, looking for something that might have fallen out on the way up the stairs or that could have tumbled out in the car. And when he pulls his wallet out of the inside pocket, he opens it up to far less bills than before.

There’s a nagging thought at the back of his mind but Dream ignores it. He boils the missing notes down to his own carelessness and nothing more. His hair’s a mess and his skin smells faintly like sex and alcohol, but he doesn’t want to wash the feeling of George’s fingertips off of him. Running calloused fingers through his hair, Dream slips out of his room, ready to face whatever the morning brings.

A gentleman’s first thought should always be of family.

Faint chatter threads through the air that Dream walks in, and he knows he’s late for breakfast but that doesn’t make him speed up anymore. Quietly, he steps down the wooden staircase, unsuccessfully trying not to draw too much attention to himself when he walks.

“There you are,” his mother smiles, lifting an arm in his direction to make several heads turn towards him, “We were wondering where you’d got to.”

“Yes,” his father agrees, a newspaper in hand, “Although we’re sure you need your rest after last night..”

There's a knowing glint in his eye and Dream has to hold back a smile, because whatever presumption he's made about who Dream brought home is certainly wrong. Making his way towards the table, Dream reaches out to take his usual seat, nodding at the maid who offers a pitcher of water.

Thankfully, the hangover that lingers on his body doesn't make Dream too groggy; he makes polite conversation, taking sips of his water and helping himself to whatever has been left over on the table. And his wrist feels light with the absence of the usual jewellery that lies on it.

It doesn't take long for his mother to notice. "Where's your watch?" She asks, leaning forward with a slight frown on her face. Her eyes dart from Dream's watch to his face, astonishment on her features. "That thing was expensive, I hope you haven't lost it."

There's a snigger from somewhere else on the table, one of Dream's siblings having to get their twopence in. And Dream shakes his head, laughing as though even the suggestion that he'd lost it is ridiculous. "Of course not," he lies, "I must've forgotten to put it on this morning."

Cynical, his mother nods, turning with a sigh to make polite conversation with his sister. Dream takes half a bite more before discovering he's lost his appetite. He glances around with a short breath, catching his mother's eye a moment later. "May I be excused?" Dream asks, dropping cutlery onto the plate with a loud clink.

A wave of the hand. "If you must."

Immediately, Dream pushes himself out of the chair, brushing past the maids with mumbled apologies as he rushes back to his room. In reality, the watch is nothing special – it holds little to no sentimental value. A gift from his father, wrapped up in a neat little box with a silver handkerchief laying underneath when he had opened it, and Dream didn't have to look at the tag on the side to know that it must've cost a fortune.

So perhaps it's not the emotional connection that makes his blood run cold when he still can't find the watch even after pulling apart half of his room, more so the fact that if he doesn't get it back, the allowance that means he can afford to go out and buy drinks from different bars each night will most definitely be cut off.

Casual outerwear is pulled off and replaced by a suit similar to the one he'd worn before – the wallet being pushed into his inside pocket and a hat being pulled off of a small rack and placed on his head. Dream barely says two words about where he's going before slipping through the front door and out towards the car.

He has his own set of keys, opens the car door in a hurry and prays that he'll see something to lift his spirits. And in reality Dream knew that it wouldn't be there, but it doesn't stop his lungs from deflating and a sharp noise of disappointment to escape his lips when he doesn't see the shining watch on the backseats.

The night before flashes through his mind in quick beats, the image of George sprawled out underneath him making his breathing fasten, and the same ugly thought from earlier sits at the back of Dream's head. It's not safe to put his trust in pretty strangers but Dream has already done it, because surely George wouldn't have stolen from him, surely not.

It's barely becoming afternoon, the sun sitting high in the sky and glaring down at him harshly. And turmoil runs through Dream's bones. Where could his watch be? Where does he even start looking? And he settles on waiting until nightfall far too easily, deciding that if going back to the speakeasy is what he has to do, then he'll do it (especially if it means he'll get to see the pretty

singer in a dress again).

~

Night rolls by far too slowly.

Dream spends most of the day outside, walking through the town with his head high and a smile on his face – an act that’s been perfected so many times that Dream wouldn’t be surprised if many of the men he passes wear the same one.

He asks the same driver to take him to the speakeasy, passing him a small roll of cash, knowing he’d accept without it but offering him it anyway. The drive takes long and the walk takes long, and Dream doesn’t know if it’s because of how deep he is into his own thoughts or because the driver is moving slower than the day before.

Tipping his hat down over his face, Dream wanders down tall stairs to the door of the speakeasy, pushing a card through a small slit in the wood and waiting for the door to open in front of him. When he steps further into the establishment he’s met with the same process as before, having to slip through another door in order to find the bar itself, and when he goes through, he takes off his hat and places it over a shawl that he recognises to be George’s.

There are less people than yesterday and those who are here barely speak, knowing to keep their words quiet, and Dream can see the figure standing behind the bar, pouring drinks for them all with a feigned smile.

It’s the same bartender from the night before – Sarnap – if Dream remembers correctly.

He spares him a glance, turning to look at the empty floors seconds after. A frown curls his lips down when he doesn’t see George. And he shouldn’t want to see George, he should be angry at the possibility of this boy crawling into his bed and then robbing him blind while he slept, but he’s not. All he wants is to see George standing by him and singing his heart out again, with a smile on his lips and everything he’s ever wanted in his hands.

Slowly, he walks to the bar, paying little to no attention to his surroundings when he sits. And he lifts a finger and mutters “whiskey” to the bartender as he scans around to try and find George. Dream doesn’t even know if he’s performing tonight, but he hopes that luck will be on his side.

Impatiently, Dream stares off towards the open space where George had been standing before, fingers tapping against his thigh. And he stares for what seems like hours until a door just off the side creaks open.

It’s George – undoubtedly so – he’s wearing the same dress as yesterday, a large trench coat open over the top. And for some strange reason, Dream can’t force himself to stand up and barge towards him for he’s too in awe of the emphasis that’s been painted onto his delicate features to move. George’s under eyes have been rubbed with black, a red tint to the top of his lips that’s been dragged down until it makes his mouth seem blurry. He looks even more pale next to the dark colours, skin almost translucent with almost black strands of hair falling down across his forehead – he looks gorgeous, and Dream can’t look away.

He’s there to ask for his watch back, that’s it. But still Dream’s eyes don’t stay on George’s wrist, they trail down his legs and up his torso, landing on the small peek of black that sits behind the

black dress. Curiosity makes his head fall to the side; Dream's eyes trailing over his body in a way that's far less than dignified.

The pretty face turns to the slightly, stilling when he meets Dream's eyes, and it makes the rising suspicion in Dream's chest grow larger. They stay staring at each other for minutes, with George eventually breaking the contact by dipping his head back through the dark oak door and slamming it shut behind him, Dream sitting up straighter in feigned confusion.

He takes a deep breath, hopes of getting to take to George running away from him far too quickly. It's obvious that George won't talk to him, why should he even try? He can just buy a new watch anyway. He starts to stand up, pushing on the bar to help himself and he's ready to just turn and leave until he hears a cough from just ahead of him.

"Just go back," the bartender sighs, pushing a glass of something strong under Dream's nose.

"Pardon?"

"I said, just go back there and talk to him." Frowning, Sapnap leans forward, placing one hand on the counter to make sure Dream knows that the words are for him. "He wants to see you anyway."

"How do you know?" Dream asks.

"You were all he was talking about when he came in," Sapnap says, "He was all rambly, it was nauseating."

Dream furrows his eyebrows, "Then why'd he run off."

"I don't know," the bartender shrugs, "Go ask him."

A feeling like reluctance sits at the base of Dream's legs but he nods before taking the glass into his hand, burning the back of his throat with its scalding heat. It's liquid confidence, and when Dream stands up properly and makes his way towards the door he doesn't let his nerves show on his face.

A few heads turn to check where he's going but they don't say anything. Dream's hand finds the door, twisting the handle to let him into the dimly lit room that sits behind. And caution makes him glance down, take a deep breath before actually going anywhere.

The room in of itself is small. George sits on a chair in the corner with his lip through his teeth, and two others sit on either side of him, the saxophone player and another. They spot Dream first, tapping George on the back to make him look up, and the smile on George's face flickers bright for half a second before dropping down and into worry.

The two men leave almost immediately, knowing when their presence isn't wanted, and they brush past Dream before stepping out of the door and closing it behind them. Silence hangs in the air around them – and it's far less easy when George isn't leading the conversation but Dream tries anyway.

"Hey," he says, the grin on his face coming naturally despite how George cowers in front of him.

"You're back?" George observes. He tugs the trench coat he wears closer around his chest, his dress pushed up slightly so that Dream can see the faint marks of his own teeth. Around his thigh sits a piece of black lace, a small flask tucked into a pouch on the side, and Dream's mind wanders away from the reason he's here when he sees how tightly it hugs George's skin.

“It seems so,” he says eventually.

“Well why are you here?” George asks, secrecy on his face, “Did you miss me that much?”

“Yeah,” Dream only half lies.

“That’s sweet.” His expression isn’t one of coyness anymore, it’s melted off and been replaced with a fond look that Dream can’t help but match. He tries to tell himself not to fall for it, that George doesn’t actually care, he’s a thief with a pretty face and nothing more, but he can’t do it – it’s not as though he really came for his things back anyway.

Dream wants to keep up the façade but he can’t, he glances off to the side, chewing on his lip before saying, “Well there is another reason.” He tries not to watch the worry build back on George’s face but the image is burned into the back of his mind, and so not to make George even more fearful, he asks, “I was just wondering if you’ve seen my watch?”

“Oh,” George mumbles, eyebrows raised, “I don’t think I have.”

It’s a lie, it’s so obviously a lie. The way that George’s hands tangle with each other and his smile becomes forced is see through and Dream would be stupid not to notice it all. But Dream chooses to ignore it. Stupidly, he chooses not to push the question harder, and pretends to believe George instead.

“Okay,” Dream nods, moving a tad closer, “Well I could give you my telephone number in case it ever shows up.”

Relief crosses over George’s features, “Of course.”

He smiles slightly, and now that Dream is closer he can see the way his knees have been rouged to match the red of his lips. It makes his thoughts darken, and it’s a struggle to keep his mind on reality and not the perfect future that he can imagine with George already.

George feels like an enigma. He’s everything that Dream has ever wanted all wrapped up in a pretty body and face that Dream can’t get enough of. He’s confident, not overly so but he knows how to get what he wants, and Dream can admire how he didn’t even need a drink to walk up and ask for Dream’s hand without a doubt that he wouldn’t get it.

And he’s only known George for one day, they’ve shared practically no words other than soft moans and screams of the other’s name, but Dream has always been a bit of a romantic, so even if George only approached him because of the large brand that made his suit, or the silver watch on his wrist, Dream wants to know if it could become about more than just money.

George stands up, leaving the chair discarded in the opposite end of the room as he takes slow, meaningful steps towards Dream with his jacket still covering most of his body. Dream doesn’t back up, he lets George get close to his face, pressing him against a wall with his body.

“Well now that that’s out of the way,” George starts, raising an eyebrow. He places a hand on Dream’s chest and drags it down until it’s resting on his stomach, “How about you take what you want.”

Does he know that Dream knows? Was taking his watch just some elaborate ploy to get Dream to come back to him?

George’s hand drags down, brushing over the bulge in Dream’s pants and squeezing down lightly.

Oh.

Oh.

A coy smile sits on George's face, and Dream should probably push him away and demand to know why George is still pursuing him even after stealing his most expensive belonging, but self-control only comes in thin strands, with Dream's willpower failing as soon as George's lips hover in front of his.

"I could blow you," George mutters, pushing closer so his lips touch Dreams, "If you want me to."

Dream's nodding before he can stop himself, "Okay," he agrees, "Yeah okay."

He can feel George's smile when he pushes their lips together. Hungrily, George bites down on Dream's lip, his tongue coming out to rub over the places that sting while they kiss, and George's hand moves to palm Dream through his trousers while they move.

George kisses Dream like he means it, with desperation showing in each move, and it makes Dream's mind run because what if he really does?

He pushes against George with the same intensity, placing a hand on the side of his face to guide their movements, and their tongues slide against each other, everything so messy but neither want to stop. Like this, Dream can almost imagine that George likes him, actually likes him. And he uses that thought to draw back and press small kisses against George's cheek and down his neck instead.

The action makes red run to George's face in places not covered by make-up. And in attempt to hide the blush, George drops down to his knees, hands immediately coming out to grab at the buttons and open them, pulling Dream's cock out and letting it hang in front of his face. It feels far less personal than yesterday but also so much more, maybe because of the way that George's eyes go glassy with something similar to lust when he glances up to meet Dream's eyes.

Spitting into his palm, George takes Dream's cock into his hand, stroking him to full hardness. And surely the position must hurt, rough floorboards all that George can kneel on, and the rouge on his knees won't even be needed for much longer because it'll be replaced with dark bruises instead.

He keeps his hand on Dream's cock, jerking him off with quick and rough motions. And Dream has to try his best to not curl his fingers in George's hair and shove his cock into his mouth. Arousal sits at the ends of his fingertips, travelling through his veins to make his breathing frenzied, and George looks so good on his knees, staring up at Dream while performing movements that make him shake.

His fingers dance over the length and Dream chokes out a "fuck" in an attempt to not whimper. George's pupils are blown, an angry red mark on his collarbones that Dream had branded there. And it gives the illusion that George is actually his. Slowly, George leans forward, blowing a warm breath over the head and letting his eyes scan over everything. He almost looks ravenous, mouthing at Dream's cock with forced control, and Dream lets out a restless sigh, tangling his fingers in dark hair.

George's tongue darts out to dig into the slit of his cock, he gives a broad lick to the underside, kissing close to the base and holding Dream's cock in place when he does so. Huskily, George glances up, making sure to meet Dream's eyes when he presses his shiny lower lip to the head. "You're really big," he says, the muffled words being said in a tone that's dark enough to make

Dream forget where they are, why he's even here.

"Yeah?" he asks, feeling teasing lips come back to touch every inch. Breathing heavily, Dream takes a hold of the base to pull it back and away from George's taunts.

He lets the head hit George's cheek, drags pre-cum across his face while George sits on his knees and takes it. Letting out a small groan, he taps his cock over George's lips, watching his mouth open to try and take him in, and he uses the hold he has on George's hair to slowly push himself in between his lips.

It's wet, hot, and Dream can't get enough. He pushes himself in and watches the way that George's lips stretch around him, the content expression in his eyes and how his fingers squeeze around Dream's thighs. George goes against the hand in his hair, taking Dream's cock further into his mouth quicker than Dream thought it possible.

His mouth feels amazing and Dream's body pushes into it, forces his cock deeper between George's swollen lips. He uses his tongue to massage the underside, cheeks hollowing as he takes it until his lips are almost touching Dream's hand, and just when Dream thinks he's done, George is batting his hand away and swallowing him down. Like this he looks perfect, so happy and breathless, as though he was made to be on his knees, and Dream wants to mutter dirty words of how good George feels, but he doesn't think himself capable.

Sighing, he lets his head fall back, mouth opening in a silent moan, and below him George has taken it upon himself to start up a slow and steady rhythm. With each motion he makes it tighter, the suction and constantly changing rhythm something that Dream doesn't think he'll ever get used to. His teeth scrape against the underside lightly, and Dream can't stop himself from letting out a loud moan.

"Fuck," Dream practically whines, forcing his head back up so he can stare at his cock disappearing into the tight heat of George's mouth.

Hands trembling, he moves both of his hands to George's face, pushing his hair back so that Dream can see absolutely everything, and the sight makes him even harder. George's eyes water, they flutter shut and roll back and throughout it all, he never gags. Dream's breathing is shaky just watching it, and he can't stop his hips from starting to buck forwards, making it so he's nearly fucking George's mouth.

Dirty thoughts flash through his mind. George is on his knees for him. George, who he'd thought practically unattainable just the day before, the pretty thief that can't help but lie about it, is sat with his lips wrapped around Dream's cock and is letting out little sounds that suggest he's getting off from this just as much as Dream is. It feels impossible – Dream should be at home right now, not in some illegal bar getting his dick sucked by a boy he's stupid for, but it's happening, and Dream savours every moment.

"George," he rasps, "Fucking hell."

It's a poor warning for how close he is but George understands it, pulling off with tight lips and a resounding pop. "In my mouth," he instructs, voice hoarse and fucked out, and *fuck* that's hot, "I want to taste it." His lips are red and shiny with spit and the few strokes that he gives to Dream's cock makes his toes curl. It's lewd and dirty and Dream's getting off on it.

Astounded, Dream's mind whirls at the suggestion, and he's nodding as George's lips go back to trail over the swollen, leaking head. He's so close, his stomach twists with arousal and he's trying to wrap his head around the fact that this is something that's actually happening. It's not sexual

frustration anymore, they would have blown that off yesterday, it's that George actually wants to know what he tastes like, he wants to know what it feels like on his tongue.

Abruptly, he takes Dream down all the way, hollow cheeks making Dream let out a groan, and his cock twitches inside of George's throat and his hips start to move frantically, but he's losing control so he can't care.

"Fuck," he pants, feeling himself get even closer, "Fuck George I'm so close."

George's lips feel so tight around him, he's gagging on the length and forcing his own head down with seemingly no attempt to stop. And just the sight of George choking on his cock like that is enough to shove Dream over the edge. Fingers grab the base of his cock, loud noises filling the air as George gags around him and wet sounds ring through the air. And embarrassingly, that's all it takes to make Dream cum. He's breathing heavily, spilling into George's throat with reckless abandon, and George draws back and sticks his tongue out just so Dream can see everything that's going on.

His lungs feel heavy, cock spurting over George's lips and into his mouth, and it's so perfect that Dream doesn't even know when he'll be able to speak again. Letting out a pained sound, he watches George's tongue flick out to take what's on his lips down into his mouth, and makes a show of swallowing, closing his eyes and then opening his mouth again to show Dream how he hasn't let a drop go to waste.

Dream sighs, riding off his high and once he's calmed down, he glances at the floor to watch George try to tuck him back into his underwear and fix him back up. And he can see into the sleeve of his trench coat for half a second, a glint of silver and gold flashing in front of Dream's eyes.

"What's this?" he asks, catching George's wrist in the air.

A look of panic spreads across George's face, and he tries to tug his arm away but it's useless, with Dream dragging him up to his feet like he's just a doll. It hurts to have his suspicions confirmed but it's not surprising, and Dream is almost looking forward to what George is going to say.

The sleeve of the coat slips down, Dream's watch clearly fastened to George's wrist.

"Okay it's not what it looks like!" George exclaims, any arousal gone and replaced with fright, "I swear."

Cocking his head to one side, Dream raises an eyebrow, "Then what is it?" He's not mad, really he's not, but the tone of his voice betrays him, and before he knows it, George's eyes are starting to water, and frustrated tears threaten to slip.

"It's kind of what it looks like," he frowns, breathing hitching, "But I had a reason I swear."

Dream drops his wrist, leaning fully against the wall with George immediately going to take the watch back to push it into Dream's hands, and place his own palm over it. "Save it," Dream shrugs, "I don't care why you took it."

George's panic becomes worse, the wide look in his eyes full of scare, and he's far more emotional than Dream would've thought, with his hands never letting go of Dreams even as he rushes to speak, "Please don't tell anyone, please I'll give you the money back too, just, don't let them find out."

Glancing to the side, Dream takes a shallow breath, trying not to melt under the gaze that George is giving him. "Does everyone out there know you have it?" Dream asks, "Did you come in flaunting

it about?”

“I guess,” George starts, “But, they think it was a gift.”

Confusion floods through Dream’s body. “A gift?”

“Yes,” he mumbles, “They think you gave it to me.”

“Why would they think that?”

“Because that’s what I told them.” It’s said sheepishly, like George is embarrassed to admit these things – and Dream would laugh at the red on his face if it weren’t for how incredibly out of the loop he feels. George sees the expression and tacks on, “They saw I went home with you.”

Dream stares at him blankly.

“I wanted to impress them,” George explains, “Make them think that someone like you could want me, and not just for sex.”

Dream must ignore half of the sentence, his mind lingering on the last thing that George had said, and in adamant disagreement he says, “I wasn’t just using you for sex.”

“Look I don’t mind but-”

“No George I’m being serious,” Dream says, “You’re the one that up and left anyway.”

“Because of your family,” George exclaims, “I was being considerate – how would they have reacted to *me* walking down the stairs limping in the morning.”

“And on your way out you took my shit,” Dream accuses.

It seems as though George doesn’t have much of a response to that, shrinking back into himself and snivelling. “I just wanted something of yours.”

“Like a souvenir?” Dream asks.

“I guess.” George wraps his arms around himself. “I figured it’d be the last time we saw each other.” Dream opens his mouth to speak but George cuts him off. “Guys like you don’t normally stick around.”

“I guess I’m just different,” Dream shrugs, smiling slightly. The watch has been slipped into his back pocket, completely discarded in his mind, because all that Dream can hear is that George wants him to stay. “If you got to know me better you’d realise that.”

George raises an eyebrow, “Are you trying to be some white knight? Because I don’t need pity.”

“It’s not pity,” Dream defends, “I just think you’re interesting.”

“Right?”

“I’m not joking,” Dream says, “You should spend some time with me, I’m already a little obsessed with you.”

And George’s eyes trail off to the side, something going on in his mind that Dream can’t quite understand. From the first time he saw George, Dream has been completely enraptured with him, and he can look past whatever petty theft or grey hair that George has caused him, because George

is soft and fuelled by jazz and there's something so ethereal about that. Dream wants to spend long nights with George, playing with his hair or listening to him sing, and the sex is never going to be a downside.

So when George lifts his head and hides a smile that would answer all of Dream's wishes saying, "Okay, but if you break my heart Sapnap's going to kill you," Dream is perfectly okay with it.

~

If anyone were to ask about the bar that Dream owns, he'd say it's all just nonsense, but some people know better.

Some people know about the speakeasy that sits on the underground of one of the cleanest roads in town – although they know to be careful of saying its name around untrustworthy ears. They also know of the performer that steps out every other night with a silver watch around his wrist and a glittering dress on his body, and if anyone thinks anything bad about the boy in the dress they keep it quiet. For they know that his boyfriend that sits in a special booth at the top of the bar is far too influential and far too wealthy to risk their words getting to his ears.

At the end of the night he walks down to the stage, a glass of something strong in his hands that he'll let the performer take a sip from as he wraps an arm around his waist and allows pink dust to stain the front of a finely cut suit.

"You did great," Dream will always say.

And George will give him the biggest grin imaginable, hugging him tightly and whispering a tender "I love you" against his skin.

And every once in a while they'll dip back into the place where Dream had "scouted" George, passing an envelope of money to the bartender with hushed smiles and green fingertips before running off into the night with linked arms and expensive clothes to return home to a still warm bed.

Quite frankly, Dream had never wanted to own a speakeasy, but now that he does he feels like the happiest man on earth. How couldn't he? With George by his side he's a better gentleman than he's ever been.

End Notes

comments/kudos are so appreciated
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